for sweet *Iacke* Falstaffe, kind *Iacke* Falstaffe, true *Iacke* Falstaffe, valiant *Iacke* Falstaffe, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old *Iacke* Falstaffe, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plumpe *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

Prin. I doe, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Shriefe, with a most monstrous Watch is at the doore.

Fals. Out you rogue, play out the play: I have much to say in the behalfe of that Falstaffe.

Enter the Hostesse.

Hos. O Jesu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fals. Heigh, heigh, the Divell rides upon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

Hos. The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fals. Dost thou heare, *Hall*? never call a true piece of Gold, a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

Prin. And thou art a naturall Coward, without instinct.

Fals. I deny your Major; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as another.

Prin. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the rest walke up above. Now my Masters; for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fals. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore i'le hide me.

Prin. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prin. Now master Sherife, what is your wil with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men unto this house.

Prin. What men?

Sher. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I do assure you, is not heere,
For I my selfe at this time have employed him:

And

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to answere thee or any man,
For any thing he shall be charg'd withall,
And so let me intreate you leave the house.

Sher. I will, my Lord, there are two Gentlemen,
Have in this robbery lost 3000. Markes.

Prin. It may be so: if he have rob'd these men,
He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

Sher. Good night, my noble Lord.

Prin. I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I thinke it is two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyly rascall is knowne as well as Poules: go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaffe? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, and snorting like a horse.

Prin. Harke how hard he fetches breath, search his pockets.

He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine pappers.

Prin. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers, my Lord.

Prin. Let's see what be they: read them.

Item a Capon	ij.s.ij.d
Item sawce	iiij.d
Item Sacke, two gallons	v.s.vij.d
Item Anchoves and Sacke after Supper	ij.s.vij.d
Item bread	ob

O monstrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of Sacke! What there is else, keep close, weele read it at more advantage, there let him sleepe till day, i'le to the Court in the morning. We must all to the Warres, and thy place shall be honorable. I'le procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a march of twelve score; the money shall be payed backe againe with advantage: be with me betimes in the morning, and so good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mor. These promises are faire, the parties sure,

And